

THIS IS THE ONE FOR WHITSUN FUN!

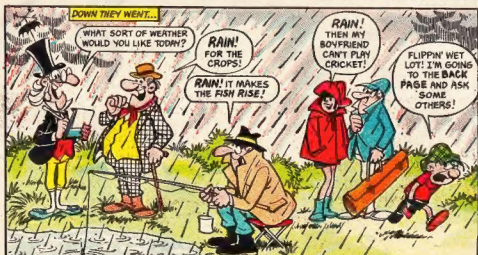
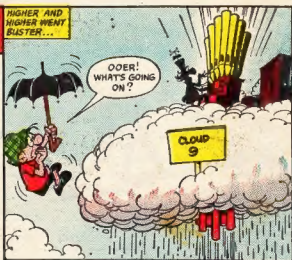
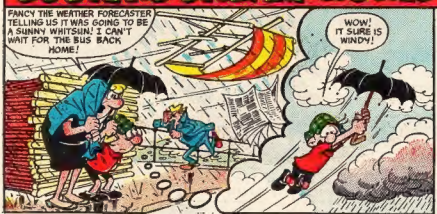
BUSTER 7d

and Giggle

EVERY MONDAY 1st JUNE, 1968

Australia 10 cents; New Zealand 10 cents; South Africa 10 cents; Rhodesia 1/-; East Africa 1.00 cents; West Africa 1/-; Malaya 9d; Canada 15 cents; Malaysia 40 cents; Denmark Kr. 1.85; Deutschland-Dm. .55; Espana-Pes. 10.0; Nederland Fl. .45; Norge Kr. 1.25; Portugal Esc. 5.0; Suomi Fm. .40; Sverige Kr. .75; Italia L. 120.

BUSTERS DREAM-WORLD



JIM AND DANNY REALISED THE GRIM TRUTH—GALAXUS COULDN'T REDUCE HIS SIZE!

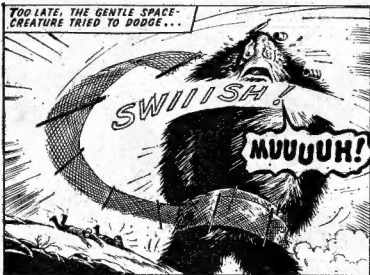
GALAXUS

THE THING FROM OUTER SPACE

A space-creature known as Galaxus had been marooned on Earth, and although he meant no harm to anyone, he was being hunted throughout Japan. With his only friends—two English boys named Jim and Danny Jones—he wandered into a secret nuclear research area and was struck by an experimental beam of light! Instantly, it had the most amazing effect on Galaxus...



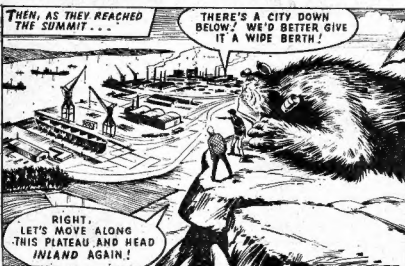
TOO LATE, THE GENTLE SPACE-CREATURE TRIED TO DODGE...



AS GALAXUS CRASHED TO THE GROUND, THE BOYS LEAPED FORWARD...



WITH THE FENCE FIRMLY FIXED, THE FRIGHTENED TOIL-CREATURE ROLLED HIMSELF CLEAR...



GALAXUS
WAS FIRST
TO FALL...

UUU-AAH!

SECONDS LATER, FAR BELOW IN
THE CITY'S SHIP-BUILDING
YARDS, THE MOST AMAZING
THINGS BEGAN TO HAPPEN...

YAAAA...
MY TOOLS
THEY FLY!

EVERYTHING
IS ALIVE! W-WHAT
IS HAPPENING
TO US?

AND THEN, WITH A ROAR THAT
SEEMED TO SPLIT THE SKY...

T-THE SHIP...
IT MOVES!

A-AS IF
PLUCKED FROM THE
GROUND BY A GIANT'S
HAND! RUN, MY BROTHERS
... RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!

IN THE PADDY FIELDS
BEYOND THE CITY,
GALAXUS SAT UP... SLOWLY
... DAZED AND BREATHLESS
FROM HIS FALL!

AND THEN...

KER-UUMP!

BUUU-OOUH!

BURIED UNDER A MOUNTAIN OF
METAL, THE MIGHTY SPACE-
CREATURE COLLAPSED...
AND LAY STILL!

HALF A MILE AWAY, JIM AND DANNY
GASPED IN DISMAY...

GALAXUS HAS
BEEN K-KNOCKED
UNCONSCIOUS! HE'S
TRAPPED!

LET'S GET
DOWN THERE,
DANNY, QUICKLY!
THERE MUST BE
SOMETHING WE
CAN DO!

BUT EVEN AS THEY REACHED
THE VALLEY, A HIGH-PITCHED
WAILING NOISE ECHOED ACROSS
THE FIELDS...

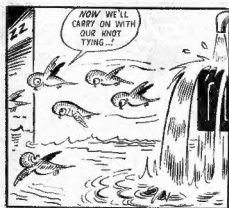
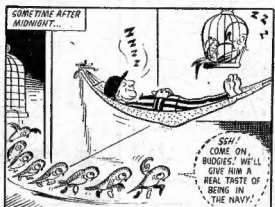
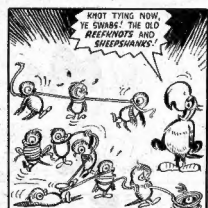
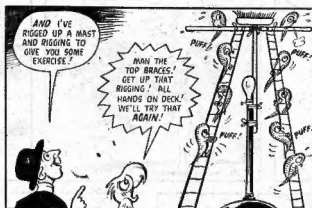
POLICE SIRENS! THE
AUTHORITIES MUST HAVE
SPOTTED US!

T-THEN IT'S ALL
OVER, DANNY! THE WAY
THINGS ARE, NOTHING CAN
SAVE GALAXUS NOW!

IS JIM RIGHT? WILL THERE BE NO ESCAPE? READ ON IN THE NEXT ISSUE... ON SALE SATURDAY, 1st JUNE!



FREDDIE "Parrot-face" DAVIES

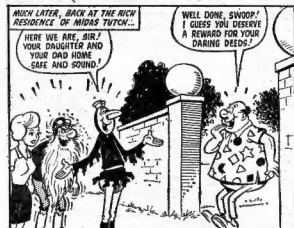
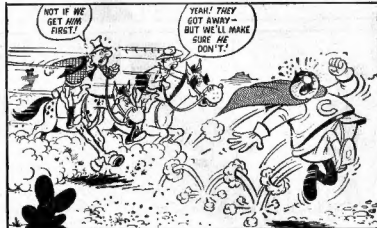
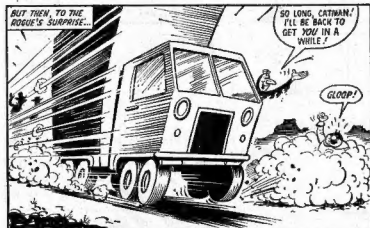


SWOOP CARRIES THE CAN ... BUT IT PROVES TO BE A LIFE-SAVER!



CAPTAIN SWOOP

HE'S HALF MAN, HALF BIRD, HALF WIT



JOIN CAPTAIN SWOOP IN ANOTHER FUN-FILLED FROLIC IN THE NEXT NUMBER OF "BUSTER and GIGGLE"!

GREETINGS, CHUMS . . .

FIVE . . . four . . . three . . . two . . . one . . . **ZERO!** Off we go with another merry meeting of my Birthday Club! I've had a great time this past week swimming, eating ice-creams . . . and sorting out the entries for last week's competition! I shall be printing the winners' names very soon. Meanwhile, I'm awarding the usual prizes for date-spotters; and those Club members whose letters or photos are printed below win special awards, too.

Be seeing you!

Buster



CAN YOU SEE YOUR DATE HERE?

14th February, 1960
31st January, 1961
28th May, 1958
19th July, 1959
16th December, 1956
7th September, 1957

PRIZES for Birth Dates

CALLING all Buster Club members! Cast your eyes over those birth-dates listed on the left . . . is one of them yours? If so (but check again that it's the exact day, month and year that you were born) and you joined the Club before Monday, 20th May, this is your chance to win a special prize! Take your pick from: Pocket Knife, Fountain Pen, Model Vintage Car Kit, Writing Folder, Disguise Outfit.

Made your choice? Then write it on a postcard, together with your full name, address and date of birth. Now solve this puzzle.

HART HORSE BLEW QUAY

Just find four words that sound the same as the above, but are spelt differently and have different meanings.

List the answers on your postcard, mark it **BIRTH DATE GAME** in the top left corner (address side) and post to reach the Club by Thursday, 6th June. Overseas members have until 19th September. More winning dates next week!

Remember, you cannot win a Birth Date Award more than once! Dates are sometimes repeated for the benefit of newcomers to the Club. Every correct entry from members who have not won before wins a prize!



From you to me...

GARY ROBINSON lives in Libya, North Africa. Recently, he wrote to tell us of a superb school cruise through the Mediterranean. "First, we visited Crete for a few days," he says, "then went on to Alexandria and Cairo by bus, where we saw the famous Pyramids. From there we went on to Beirut, from Beirut to Tripoli and finally to Athens. I had the time of my life—even if it was a school cruise!"

Timothy Sutton, another overseas member, writes from Naples, Italy: "I like living in Italy very much and enjoy the sea here, but I miss good old England! You can get very far here, eating the Italian spaghetti. It is very tasty and I always eat too much! Say hello to all my BUSTER pals for me!"

Every member's letter presented on Club Page wins an award . . . have I heard from YOU?

Manchester member, Susan Lannon, talks about her pet cat, Sam. "She was born on April Fool's day and you can certainly tell it by the way she acts! She wandered away before Christmas and was gone for nearly three weeks. Eventually, a friend recognised her and brought her back. She jumped up on the couch and went right to sleep just as if she'd never been away!"

Our last letter comes from Edinburgh, Scotland. Leslie Mackenzie writes: "I just wanted to tell you about my recent visit to London. It was my first time—in fact it was the first time I've ever been outside Scotland! The thing I enjoyed most about my visit was a boat trip down the Thames—and especially the view of Tower Bridge!"

BUSTER'S BIRTHDAY CLUB

MORE MERRY MEMBERS



Brian Dawson hails from Benfleet. He lists music, model cars and tape recording as his interests.



Meet Thomas Ferguson, of Dromon. Lucky lad—he's going to New York for the summer!



From Carrville, here's Robert Clough. He plays inside-left for the school football team.



Reading and swimming are the favourite pastimes of Stephen Perry, from Newcastle.



Cheltenham member Mark Smith, tells us he enjoys reading, football, drawing and making models.



This is Ian Boyes, of Bishop's Stortford. He likes cricket, football, and BUSTER competitions!



RESERVED FOR YOU?

THOSE six lads pictured above all receive awards for having their photos printed on Club Page. Would you like to appear here, too? If you're a Club member, here's what to do: just send in a clear, fairly large photograph of yourself, taken within the last six months. Print your name, address and date of birth on the back and post it, together with a short note about your hobbies and interests, to the Club address. Remember, you must enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope, so that I can return your photo later!

FREE 151

DIFFERENT STAMPS

Just enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing. You will also receive our Famous Discount Approvals. If you are under 16 please tell your parents. This offer can be bought for 3/- if Approvals are not wanted. (Approvals and gift to U.K. only.)

INCLUDING this Horse Stamp



THE WULFRUNA STAMP Co. (Dept. BT86)
33 TRINITY STREET, DORCHESTER, DORSET.

★ **MY ADDRESS:** Buster's Birthday Club, 1-2 Bear Alley, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4 (Comp.) ★

FISHBOY

Denizen of the Deep

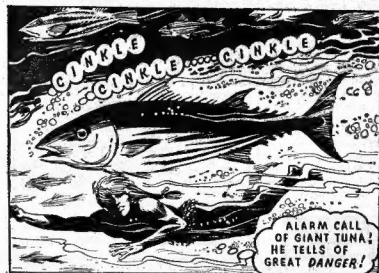
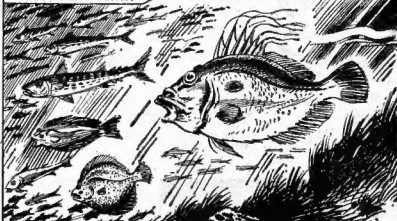
Stranded on a desert island as a child and forced to get his food from the sea, Fishboy developed slightly webbed hands and feet and learned to breathe underwater as easily as a fish. After discovering that his parents might still be alive and living in England, he set off to find them. Reaching Venice, in Italy, he headed south down the Adriatic Sea towards the Mediterranean ...



ALL SEA-CREATURES INSTANTLY RECOGNISED FISHBOY AS A FRIEND, AND AS HE AND THE DOLPHIN DIVED DEEP ...



IT WAS A FANTASTIC SIGHT! EELS... TUNA... TURBOT... MACKEREL... SARDINES! SHOAL AFTER SHOAL STREAKED THROUGH THE SEA...



THEN, ALL AT ONCE, A VIOLENT TREMOR SEEMED TO SHAKE THE SEA...



A SPLIT SECOND LATER...

GARGLE

BAROOOM!

NOT REALISING THE CAUSE OF THE UPHEAVAL WAS A VOLCANIC ERUPTION, FISHBOY'S FIRST THOUGHT WAS TO SAVE HIS FRIENDS...

M-MANY HURT...
THEY FLOAT LIKE
DRIFTWOOD IN EBB
TIDE! MUST HELP
THEM...

GENTLY, HE GATHERED THE INJURED FISH INTO HIS ARMS...

SOOK-LA
SOOK-LA

BLOO...

REST IN THIS
CAVE, MY FRIENDS,
AND FISHBOY WILL
NURSE YOU
BETTER...

BUT AS FISHBOY TENDED TO THEIR WOUNDS, THE YOUNG DOLPHIN SUDDENLY APPEARED...

TRIKOL...TRIKOL-PLAG

SNUB-NOSED
ONE SAYS HE
FIND SOMETHING
NEAR HOLE IN SEA-
BED! HE ASKS FOR
ME TO COME
QUICK...

ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE CLIFF, THE SKELETON OF A GALLEON PROTRUDED ABOVE THE SAND...

NEVER HAS
FISHBOY SEEN SO
OLD A WRECK! IT
IS A STRANGE
SHIP!

WITHOUT HESITATION, THE DOLPHIN SWAM ACROSS THE DECK-

KRUNGAL...PLUK

HOLE
IN TIMBERS!
SOMETHING DOWN
THERE!

A-A BEAST!
FISHBOY SEES
METAL-HEADED
BEAST!

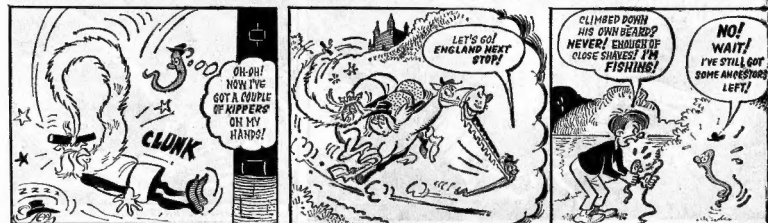
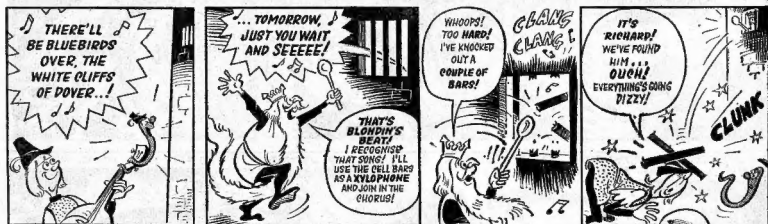
NEVER HAVING SEEN A DEEP-SEA DIVER BEFORE, FISHBOY CIRCLED CLOSER...

...AND HEADED STRAIGHT INTO PERIL!

WILL THE UNSUSPECTING FISHBOY PERISH IN THE WRECK? MORE THRILLS IN THE NEXT EXCITING EPISODE!

MERRY MINSTREL WORM CALLS THE TUNE—AND A KING MAKES A BIG HIT!

Wonder Worm



YOU MUST NOT MISS NEXT SATURDAY'S HILARIOUS TALE RELATED BY WONDER WORM!

WHAT A CARRY-ON AT A STATION... CHARLIE'S ROLE AS A PORTER DIDN'T PAY OFF!

The ASTOUNDING ADVENTURES of Charlie Peace



When arch-criminal Charlie Peace was tricked into entering a time-machine, he was whisked away from old Victorian London to the modern city of today. Exploring the new sights, he entered a railway station...



THE TICKET SAW CHARLIE ON TO THE PLATFORM! HE SOON FOUND A HIDING PLACE IN THE GUARD'S VAN OF A WAITING TRAIN! AN HOUR AFTER ITS DEPARTURE ...



AT WINKLESEA STATION, THE NOTORIOUS CROOK HAD NO TROUBLE IN SLIPPING THROUGH THE BARRIER ...



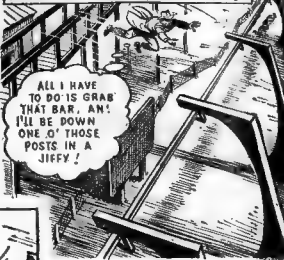
BUT CHARLIE HAD LINGERED TOO LONG ...



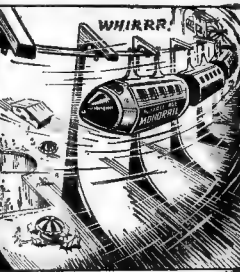
HALFWAY ACROSS THE FOOTBRIDGE ...



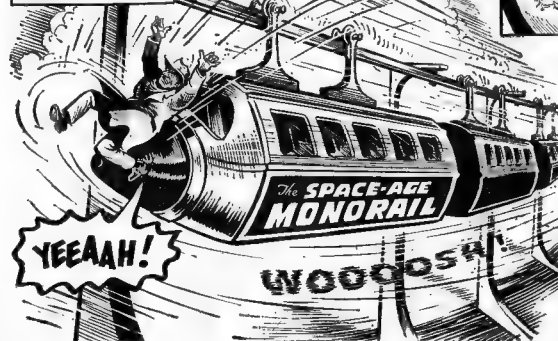
CHARLIE LAUNCHED HIMSELF INTO SPACE!



NEXT MOMENT ...



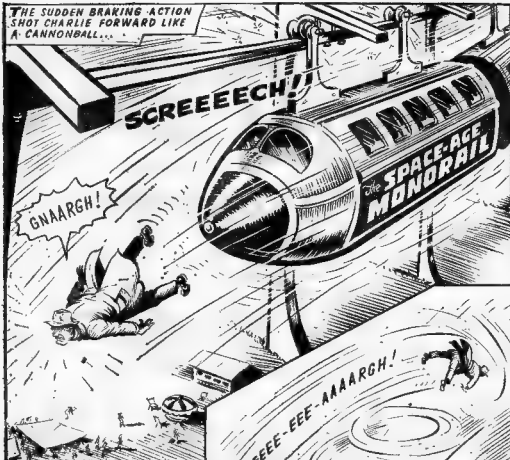
BEFORE HE COULD DROP CLEAR, THE ASTOUNDED RASCAL WAS SCOOPED UP!



INSIDE THE LEADING COMPARTMENT ...

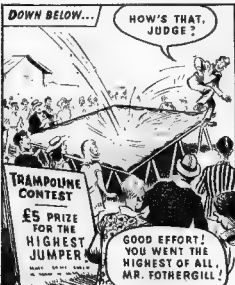


THE SUDDEN BRAKING ACTION
SHOT CHARLIE FORWARD LIKE
A CANNONBALL...

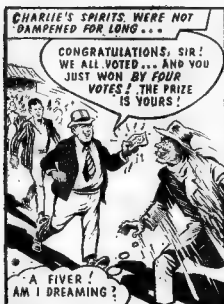


DOWN BELOW...

HOW'S THAT,
JUDGE?



THE FAMOUS ROGUE MADE
A WET LANDING...



HAVING DRIED-OUT ON THE SUNNY
BEACH, CHARLIE STROLLED ALONG
THE FRONT. HE FELT LIKE A
MILLIONAIRE!



MORE THRILLS WITH CHARLIE IN THE NEXT ISSUE—ON SALE SATURDAY, 1st JUNE!

THE GORILLA MADE ITS PRESENCE FELT ON A WESTERN FILM SET, AND THE SHERIFF BIT THE DUST!



NUTTY SLACK

The GENTLE GRAPPLER

In America, Nutty Slack's reputation as a wrestler had earned him the job of stuntman in a jungle film. His big moment came when he had to fight a man dressed as a gorilla, but some rival stuntmen secretly substituted a real gorilla in the actor's place. Nutty tried to lead the beast into an open space, but found himself on the set of a Wild West film...



BY THE TIME NUTTY ARRIVED
ON THE SCENE...



SURE ENOUGH, BEMUSED
BY THE JET OF WATER,
THE GORILLA DROPPED
ITS VICTIM...



AS NUTTY WENT CHARGING
DOWN A NARROW TUNNEL...



THEN NUTTY SAW THAT HE
H'D RUN SLAP INTO A
ROMAN EPIC FILM SET.



THE GENTLE GRAPPLER
HURRIED OVER TO A
NEARBY FOUNTAIN...



WURROOOORGH!



BUT THE GENTLE GRAPPLER
WAS WRONG!

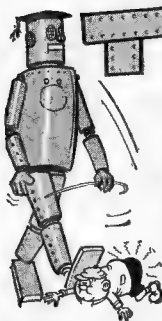


BEHIND THE ADVANCING BEAST, A
HEAVY METAL GRILLE SLAMMED
DOWN...



NO MORE MONKEYING AROUND... THIS WILL BE A FIGHT TO REMEMBER! READ ON IN THE NEXT EDITION!

T-T GETS THE SACK . . . BUT IT PROVES JUST THE JOB !



T-T

TEACHER

THE BOYS AND STAFF OF BOOTHALL SCHOOL WERE IN PARIS. FIRST STOP OF THEIR CONTINENTAL HOLIDAY...



FRENCH BOYS' SCHOOL

FRENCH PILOT BREWING

COR! WHAT A BORE OF A HOLIDAY THIS IS! OFF WE GO TO YET ANOTHER ART GALLERY!



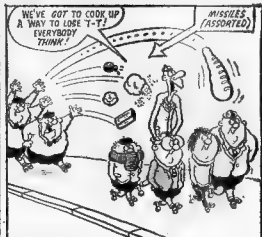
FIRST, WE GET RID OF ZE TEACHER OF ZOSE SOPPY ENGLISH BUDS' TEN. - WE BASH 'EM UP!



ZAT'S IT! DROP ZE SACK AND WE WILL PULL ZE CORD TIGHT!



NOW, WE ATTACK ZE ANGLAIS!



WE'VE GOT TO COOK UP A WAY TO LOSE T-T! EVERYBODY THINK!

MISSILES (ASSORTED)



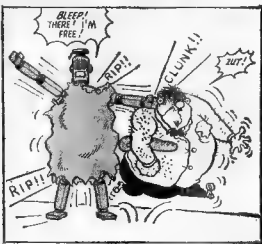
SCRAM ZEM MES ANIS!

OUCH! I SAY! THINK OUR HOLIDAYS GOING TO LIVEN UP AT LAST!



BLEEP! I'LL JUST EXTEND MY ARMS AND LEGS AND BURST THROUGH THIS SACK!

GARÇONS! STOP ZAT FIGHTING! ZIS IS YOUR TEACHER SPEAKING!



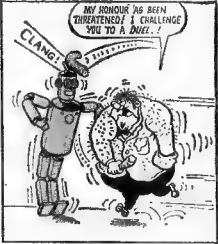
BLEEP! THERE! I'M FREE!

RIP!! CLUNK!! ZUT!



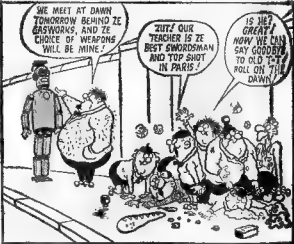
ZO! WITH SUCH A BLOW YOU INSULT ME!

BLEEP! EH?



CLANG!

MY HONOUR 'AS BEEN THREATENED! I CHALLENGE YOU TO A DUEL!

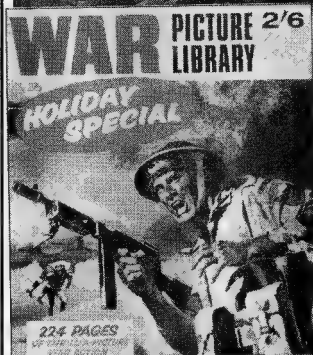
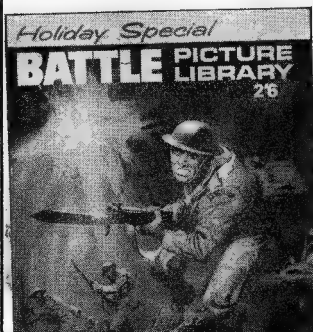


WE MEET AT DAWN TOMORROW BEHIND ZE GASWORKS, AND ZE CHOICE OF WEAPONS WILL BE MINE!

ZUT! OUR TEACHER IS ZE BEST SWORDSMAN AND TOP SHOT IN PARIS!

IS HE? GREAT! NOW WE CAN SAY GOODBYE TO OLD T-T! ROLL ON THE DAWN!

WHAT WILL HAPPEN WHEN THE FRENCH TEACHER CUTS UP ROUGH? DON'T MISS THE NEXT ISSUE!



Out this week!

ACTION-PACKED READING FOR THE HOLIDAYS!

BATTLE PICTURE LIBRARY HOLIDAY SPECIAL 2s 6d

Four great picture-stories of men in action—tough, tense, exciting reading throughout!

WAR PICTURE LIBRARY HOLIDAY SPECIAL 2s 6d

Four complete stories of front-line fighting—and the men caught up in it! Gripping reading all in vivid pictures.

SECRET AGENT PICTURE LIBRARY HOLIDAY SPECIAL 2s 6d

The fantastic adventures of Spy 13, top secret agent of World War II, in four all-action picture stories!

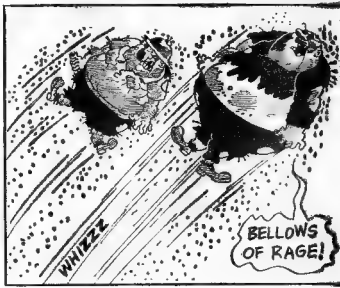
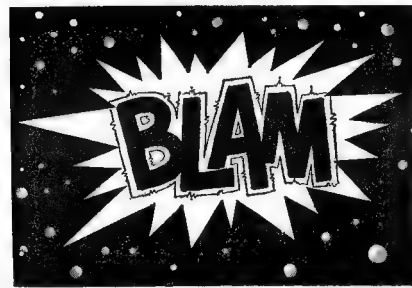
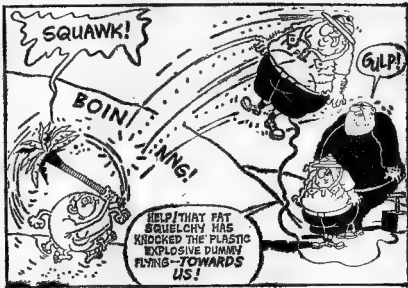
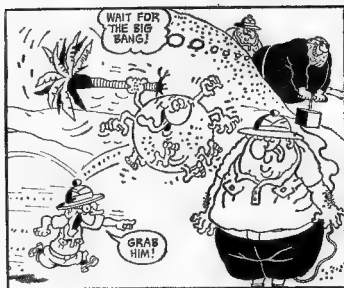
Each 224 pages long!

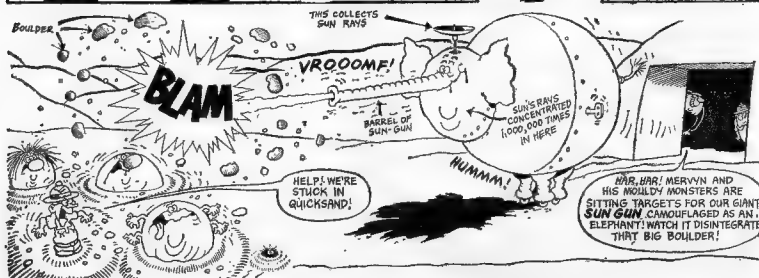
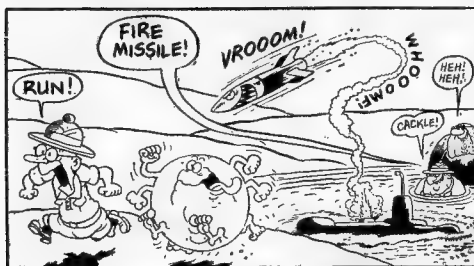
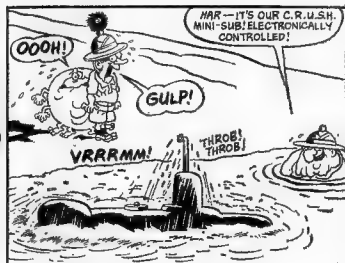
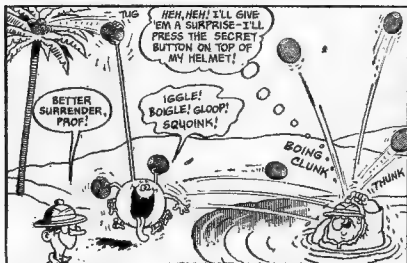
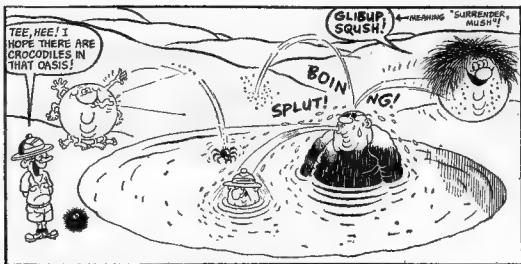
GO FOR THESE GREAT FLEETWAY HOLIDAY SPECIALS TODAY!

From newsagents and booksellers everywhere

MERVYN'S MONSTERS

Mervyn, boy wonder of M.U.M. (Mervyn's Undercover Monsters), was in the Sahara Desert chasing Oscar Mush of C.R.U.S.H. (Crafty Rascals' Union of Saboteurs and Hoodlums). There, Mush set a trap for Mervyn—an explosive dummy professor ...



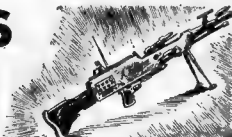


THE MECHANICAL ELEPHANT'S CAUSING BIG TROUBLE FOR THE PALS! SEE WHAT HAPPENS NEXT SATURDAY!

MICKY AND HIS FATHER WERE DEFENCELESS . . . AMMUNITION FOR THE MULTI-GUN HAD RUN OUT!

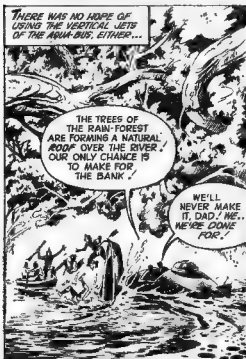


MICKY MARVEL'S MULTI-GUN



Micky Marvel was the owner of the Multi-Gun, a wonderful toy which changed into a real weapon when he alone uttered certain key words. In the Amazon, the Marvels' old enemy, Dr. Zinn, had kidnapped Frank Riesenman and also hatched out baby prehistoric monsters from some giant eggs. While looking for the Temple of Texaka, Micky discovered he was running short of ammunition. After sending out a call for fresh supplies, the Marvels' Aqua-Bus was attacked by angry natives . . .







WHAT CHANCE HAS THE NATIVE AGAINST THE HUGE JUNGLE BEAST? FIND OUT IN THE NEXT EPISODE!

BIG GAME LAUGHS STARRING . . .

BRIGHT HUNTER!



SUBBUTED

The action-packed table cricket game

A NEW TABLE GAME where the Cricket Enthusiast can produce, at will, all the finesse of the great Summer game. Play your own TEST MATCHES! COUNTRY CHAMPIONSHIPS! GILLETTE and CHARRINGTON CUP MATCHES! With all the skill of real cricket:- bowling, double wickets and all the OUTS, such as clean bow ed, stumped, caught, L.B.W., run out, etc. Spin, leg and off breaks. Hits for six, four and odd runs.

DISPLAY EDITION
COMPLETE with 90 Scale Miniature Painted Figures: Stumps, Ball, etc.

24/11

CLUB EDITION
As above, together with Green Baize Cricket pitch

49/11

TEST MATCH EDITION
As above, with Green Baize Cricket pitch, Sight-screens, Groundsman & Roller, Spectators, Deck Chairs & Scoreboard.

69/11

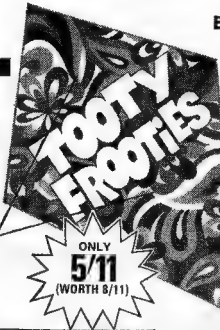
Ask at your local Sports or Toy Shop or Departmental Store. In case of difficulty write for List of Stockists, to:-

SUBBUTED
Dept 618 Langton Green Tunbridge Wells Kent.

Have fun with this High-Flying Kite

COMPLETE WITH 200FT. OF TWINE

Just fill in the coupon and send it, together with an empty Tooty Frooties bag and a postal order for 5/11 for each kite, to the address shown in the coupon.



ONLY
5/11
(WORTH 8/11)

EXCITING MANY-COLOURED DESIGN!

STRONG WATERPROOF PLASTIC!

30" x 20" WITH A TAIL OVER 3' LONG!



To: JOHN MACKINTOSH & SONS LIMITED,
Tooty Frooties Kite Offer, c/o C.M.S. Ltd.,
Depts. 81 Manor Road, W. Ealing, London, W.13

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
TOWN _____
COUNTY _____

Please send me _____ Tooty Frooties Kites.
I enclose _____ empty Tooty Frooties bags and a postal order to the value of £ _____.



The SKID KIDS



Simon Starr and "Brainbox" Cox were taking to the air. They entered a race from London to Cape Town, flying a plane powered by two small engines of Brainbox's own design. At the London airfield where the race was due to start, the Skid Kids ran into trouble...

DISASTER SEEMED INEVITABLE, BUT...



THE AIRPORT CONTROLLER HAD BEEN TAKEN ABACK BY THE SKID KIDS' SENSATIONAL ARRIVAL...

TH- THEY MUST BE OFF THEIR HEADS- CRAZY!



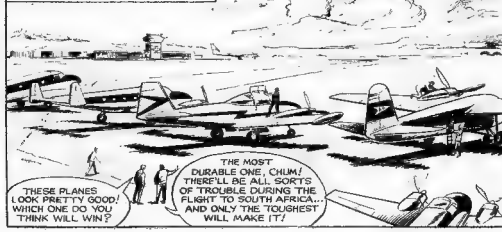
MEANWHILE, SIMON AND BRAINBOX WERE COMING IN TO LAND...



BUT...



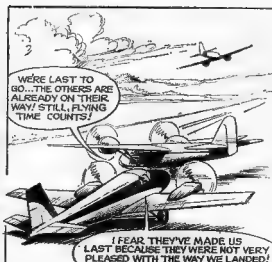
LATER, WHILE BRAINBOX WORKED ON THE RADIO SET, SIMON VIEWED THE OTHER AIRCRAFT IN THE RACE...



RACE TIME WAS APPROACHING FAST WHEN SIMON RETURNED TO BRAINBOX IN THEIR PLANE...



SOON, BRAINBOX TRIED IT OUT...



IN THE CONTROL TOWER...



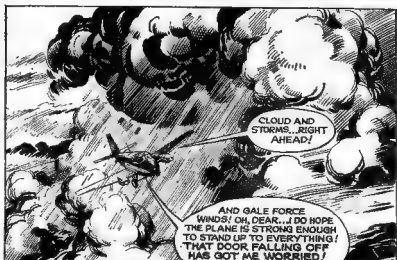
BUT ALL WAS, WELL...



OVER THE CHANNEL, FATE PLAYED ITS HAND...



THEN, TO ADD TO THEIR TROUBLES...



WILL THE PLANE SURVIVE THE STORM? MORE THRILLS IN THE NEXT EPISODE — ON SALE SATURDAY!



SMILER

I PUT MY BATHING TRUNKS ON UNDER MY CLOTHES LIKE YOU SAID, DAD!

GOOD FOR YOU—SO HAVE I! NOW WE CAN HAVE A STROLL AND A DIP BEFORE BREAKFAST!



OH, DEAR, DAD! WHERE CAN WE HIDE OUR CLOTHES? SOMEBODY MIGHT WALK OFF WITH THEM IF WE LEAVE THEM ON THE SANDS!



I'VE GOT AN IDEA, SON!

THAT LITTLE BOY PLAYING IN THE WATER HAS LEFT HIS SPADE AND BUCKET HERE, SO WE CAN USE THEM TO BURY OUR CLOTHES AND MARK THE SPOT WITH A SAND-PIE!



SUPER IDEA, DAD!



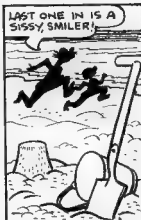
COME ON, LET'S DIG A NICE DEEP HOLE! YOU START GETTING UN-DRESSED, DAD!



JUST LIKE BURIED TREASURE, EH, DAD?



AND THERE'S A SAND-PIE TO MARK THE 'SPOT'!



LAST ONE IN IS A SISSY, SMILER!



YIPPEE! THIS IS FUN!



I THINK I'LL HAVE A GO AT THE ENGLISH CHANNEL NEXT YEAR...

OH, YEAH?



TIME WE STARTED BACK, SMILER!

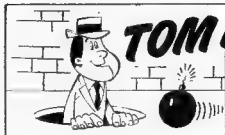


COME ON, LET'S GO AND DIG UP OUR CLOTHES!



AREN'T I CLEVER!... I BET I'VE MADE MORE SAND-PIES THAN ANYBODY ELSE IN THE WORLD...

TOM HAS A FIELD DAY . . . HELPING AT A SOCCER MATCH!



TOM ARTO SPECIAL AGENT

The Soccer Plotter Rotter.

TOM ARTO was reading a letter which had arrived by the morning post. It was an interesting document, sent by the King of Blessumall.

"In order to improve international relationships," Tom read, "we have organised three international soccer matches to be played in our country a tour stadium.

"We have invited Saygopudland, Dontbelevia and Puddleditch to take part, and all have accepted. The last named country is the most important as things have not been too good between us of late, so we hope that this match will make them more friendly. Their match is the last of the three.

"We invite you to attend the matches, the first of which takes place tomorrow.

"(Signed) KING OF BLESSUMALL."

Tom was fond of soccer on account of its similarity to his favourite sport—that of catching the 8.15 train to town. You had to be pretty nippy at both games.

He rang for his assistant, and he soon entered the office.

"I'm going to Blessumall to see a soccer match. Three matches, in fact. Pack my bag."

"Very good, sir."

On the boat going to Blessumall, there was a bit of a hitch, and the captain had to get out to scratch it. He then entered it in his log, which had been brought aboard from Epping Forest while the keeper wasn't looking. This made Tom late, and he missed the first match between Blessumall and Saygopudland.

Tom met the king, who was looking pleased.

"How did the match go?" asked Tom.

"Very successfully," said the king. "It went with a bang. The first bang was when the ball burst, and the second was when somebody substituted a firecracker for the referee's whistle. But I'm not worried. We have got plenty of referees!"

"Did you win?" asked Tom.

"Nobody noticed," replied the king. "Everything was so friendly."

Tom himself went to the second match between Blessumall and Dontbelevia. If this match went as well as the first one had done, there was a good chance of the final match doing a bit of good.

A SOCCER MATCH



Puddleditch was an awkward country to deal with, and usually found fault with everything. If this match failed, it might mean war.

A good start had been made, however, and everybody hoped for the best.

When the crowd got inside the ground there was a shock in store.

In the period between the two matches somebody had built a large house right on the centre of the pitch and a family had moved in!

There was no time to do anything about it—the match had to be played and the players were already running out from the dressing-rooms.

Then came trouble. The teams had to go into the airing cupboard of the new house in order to kick off. This annoyed the householder, who tried to order them off his premises.

They did leave the house eventually. The ball went through the dining-room window, and the

teams chased after it down the garden path and towards the goal. Being a farmer by trade, the left half closed the gate behind him.

The goalkeeper made a brilliant save and kicked the ball upfield; back into the garden. Up the path they all went, and the obliging left half opened the back door for them and they all streamed into the house.

Once inside the kitchenette, an argument arose between the home team's forwards as to who should be responsible for chasing the ball whenever it came into the house.

The number eight and number ten thought they should, as they were the inside forwards and that the wingers, being the outside right and left, should stay outside the house.

THE LEFT HALF CLOSED THE GATE



Things got pretty heated between these four handsome men and so the trainer cooled them down with the aid of his "magic sponge"—a trick he usually reserved for parties.

The situation was finally solved, however, when the householder declared his home an "open house." Everything settled, the game got under way again.

Things were a bit awkward for the crowd as, when play was inside the house, they were unable to see what was going on!

As the teams came bouncing out of the front door, the home centre forward fell into the chicken house, and the referee awarded a "fowl".

The left half could not decide whether he was a defender or a doorman; he was getting tired of opening and closing doors and gates.

The householder just gave up when he went upstairs and discovered six forwards and four halfbacks in the bath, and the referee in the wardrobe.

When the game ended the visitors were surging round the home goal, and the two backs and goalkeeper at the other end could see nothing owing to the house being between them. Consequently they did not know until the next day that the game was over and the others had gone home.

The fate of the centre half was even worse. He was in the slitting room when the match ended, and the householder took him in as a lodger.

"Enemies have built that house," howled the king. "To make trouble in the next match. The Puddleditch people are bound to find fault with this. It will mean war. They won't consent to run in and out of that house and kick off in the airing cupboard."

Everybody was worried. Puddleditch was only too willing to make trouble, and a house and garden was a good excuse.

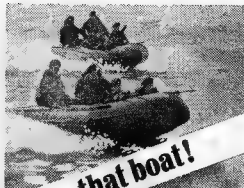
So Tom got to work to prevent war!

He hired ten bulldozers and built a sloping tunnel under the house and up the far side. This saved the teams having to keep opening and closing doors.

Puddleditch had no grumble, especially as it came on to rain and they were able to play underground round the centre circle until it stopped.

So the tournament ended on a successful note—thanks to Tom Arto. He'd scored again . . . without kicking a ball!

[There's never a dull moment with Tom Arto around! Look out for another rib-tickling adventure in the next issue!]



Drive that boat!



Clear that beach!



Disarm that bandit!

ACTION!
-yours
as a Royal Marines
Commando!

Action! Travel! Variety! Comradeship! That's what you get in the Royal Marines. Plus good pay, an average of 6 weeks' leave a year, and the right to wear the famous green beret. You can join at 16 (upper age limit 28). Post the coupon for free book—today.

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Royal Marines

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BUSTER Giggles

**STAR PRIZES
TO BE WON
EVERY WEEK!**



MODEL AIRCRAFT KIT

GIANT
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PUZZLE



PAINTING BY-
NUMBERS SET



CHARM
BRACELET

WALLET
OF BALL-
POINT PENS

Send your joke on a postcard to:

"BUSTER Giggles",
FLEETWAY HOUSE,
FARRINGTON ST.,
LONDON, E.C.4.

A PRIZE WILL BE AWARDED TO
THE SENDER OF EACH OF THE
EIGHT JOKES PUBLISHED.

(When similar jokes are received, the
first one to be judged will be awarded
the prize.)

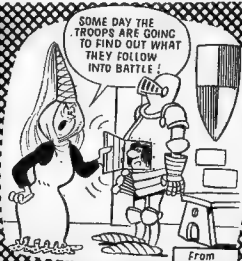
MY THREE FAVOURITE
FEATURES ARE:

- 1
- 2
- 3

PLEASE FILL IN THE COUPON
ABOVE AND PASTE IT TO
YOUR POSTCARD.



From
A. Greaves,
Leicester



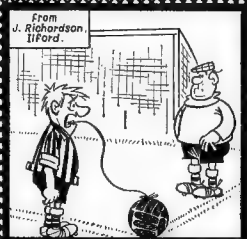
From
A. Shooter,
Bradford.



From
Mandy Davis,
Edgware



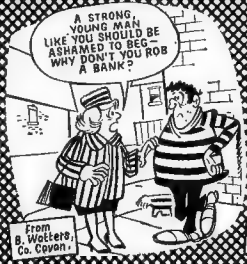
From
S. Brine,
Bottle



From
J. Richardson,
Ilford.



From
I. McDonald,
Fife



From
B. Wickers,
Co. Cavan



From
Carol Moorler,
Warrington.

NEW SKY RAY 3 BRINGS YOU

**3 BIG
FLAVOURS**



Wall's

**SKY 3
RAY 3** **6"**
STILL ONLY



MORE BIG NEW TASTES FROM WALL'S!
NEW SKY RAY 3 NOW HAS A
'BIG FLAVOUR' TOP OF RICH
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Plus!
-A 'BIG FLAVOUR' CENTRE
OF TANGY
ORANGE! **Plus!**

-THE BIG, MOUTHWATERING FLAVOUR OF
LEMONADE!
SO YOU GET **3 BIG FLAVOURS**
CRAMMED INTO THE UNIQUE
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40 FOREIGN STAMPS
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DETAILS ON EVERY
SKY RAY 3 WRAPPER.
GET **SKY RAY 3**
TODAY!





PATCH-EYE HOOKER

Terror of the seas

PATCH-EYE HOOKER HAD NO TIME FOR TOBIAS FLAGON'S GREAT AIRSHIP INVENTION, EVEN THOUGH IT HAD ONCE SAVED HIS LIFE. NOW THE GREAT CRAFT ARRIVED JUST IN TIME TO SAVE THE PIRATE ONCE AGAIN IN THE JUNGLE TERRITORY OF SOUTH AMERICA...

CABIN BOY WILL BARBER POINTED EARTHWARDS...



THERE'S THE CAPTAIN AND YOUR DAUGHTER, TOO, DON ESTOBAL!

OVER THE SIDE, ANKOS!



TO THE CAPTAIN, MEN!

JUST CUT ME, DOSE AND HAND ME A CUTLASS, LAD! I'LL TEACH THESE SWABS A LESSON THEY'LL NEVER FORGET!



BUT THE INDIANS DIDN'T WAIT...

STAND AND FIGHT, YE COWARDLY SCUM! OR HAS THAT SWAB PEG-LEG PALMER BEEN HERE AND TAUGHT YE HOW TO RUN?



FATHER! YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS ARRIVED IN THE NICK OF TIME!

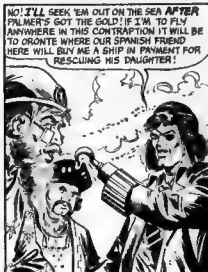
HUH! I COULD HAVE MANAGED ON MY OWN, LASS, EVEN WITH MY HANDS TIED! I'VE YET TO MEET MY MATCH IN A FIGHT!



THEN THE SPANISH DON'S DAUGHTER TOLD HOW SHE CAME TO BE IN SUCH A PREDICAMENT...

TWO DAYS AGO PALMER'S PIRATES HANDED ME OVER TO THE INDIANS IN EXCHANGE FOR A GUIDE TO LEAD THEM TO THE GOLDEN CITY OF ORONTE!

THE RUFFIANS CANNOT BE FAR AWAY! WE CAN SOON SEEK THEM OUT FROM THE AIR!



NO! I'LL SEEK 'EM OUT ON THE SEA AFTER PALMER'S GOT THE GOLD! IF I'M TO FLY ANYWHERE IN THIS CONTRAPTION IT WILL BE TO ORONTE WHERE OUR SPANISH FRIEND HERE WILL BUY ME A SHIP IN PAYMENT FOR RESCUING HIS DAUGHTER!



RATHER THAN ARGUE WITH THE STUBBORN MAN, EVERYONE AGREED TO HIS PLAN...

I'M SURPRISED THE GOOD CAPTAIN CAME ABOARD AT ALL, WILL!

WE MUST HOPE, TOBIAS, THAT THERE WILL BE NO TROUBLE ON THIS TRIP!

BUT TROUBLE THERE WAS ALREADY-IN THE SINISTER FORM OF A SPIDER THAT HAD SCUTTLED ABOARD...



UNAWARE OF THE UNWELCOMING PASSENGER, TOBIAS AND HIS COMPANIONS CONCENTRATED ON THE FLIGHT...

JUST A TROPICAL DOWNPOUR! KEEP HER STEADY ON COURSE! WE'LL BE THROUGH IT SHORTLY!

BAD WEATHER AHEAD, SENIOR!



DOWN IT COMES, SENIOR!

NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT, I ASSURE YOU!



SUDDENLY...

OUCH! SOMETHING BIT ME!

HOLD HER STEADY, WILL! I GO AND CONSULT MY CHARTS!



BUT SECONDS LATER, THE HELM-SWAN SLUMPED...

GOODNESS! WHAT'S HAPPENING?



THE AIRSHIP LURCHED VIOLENTLY, AND DOWN BELOW...

SPLIT ME BOWSPRIT! WHAT'S THAT OLD IDIOT FLAGON UP TO?



PATCH-EYE HOOKER BRIGED ALOFT...

FOOL! CAN'T YOU KEEP YOUR CRAFT ON AN EVEN KEEL?

BRING ME MY MEDICINES, WILL! THIS POOR FELLOW IS SORELY ILL!



BAH! WE'LL ALSO BE STRUCK DOWN SOON, YOU OLD FOOL! LOOK YONDER!



A MOUNTAIN HAD LOOKED AHEAD...

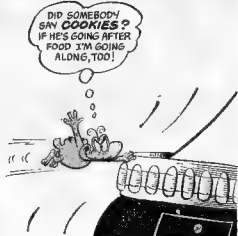
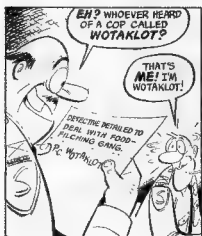
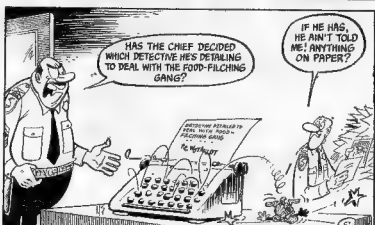
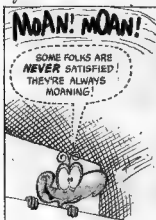
BY GLORY! COLLISION! IF WE GET OFF THIS THING ALIVE WE'LL BE LUCKY!

ARE THE PASSENGERS OF THE AIRSHIP DOOMED? DON'T MISS THE NEXT EXCITING EPISODE!



CRUNCHER

THE TINY TERMITE WITH THE BIG APPETITE



PERIL FROM BELOW

Scientist Dick Rivers and girl pilot Peggy Fenfold were helping to fight the menace of giant wood lice which had emerged in Scotland. When a huge insect was spotted carrying food to its queen, Dick left Peggy at Glen Arrac Castle and joined an army patrol to follow the monster ...

SUDDENLY, DICK RIVERS LET OUT A WARNING CRY ...



THEN A MONSTROUS SHAPE CAME LOOMING FROM THE NIGHT ...



THIS IS THE CHANCE WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR ... THE CHANCE TO TRACK DOWN THE QUEEN'S NEST! DON'T YOU SEE WHAT THE MONSTER IS CARRYING IN ITS CLAWS?



CONTINUED OVERLEAF -

A STRANGE NOISE ALERTED PEGGY TO POSSIBLE DANGER!



KEEPING THE GIANT WOOD LOUSE IN SIGHT, THEY WATCHED IT DISAPPEAR INTO A GAPING HOLE...

THIS COULD BE WHAT WE'RE LOOKING FOR -- THE ENTRANCE TO THE QUEEN INSECT'S NEST!

AT THE MOUTH OF THE HOLE, ANOTHER MYSTERY AWAITED THEM...

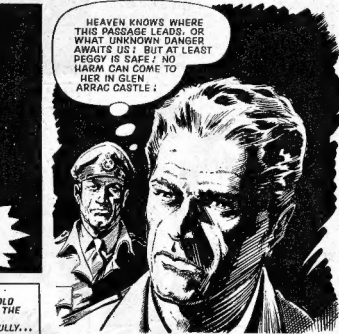
IT'S A PASSAGE OF SOME KIND! THE BRUTES HAVE MADE IT BIGGER SO THEY CAN MOVE ALONG IT! LOOK AT THOSE DISTURBED BRICKS!

BUT WHO WOULD BUILD A PASSAGE OUT HERE? AND WHERE DOES IT LEAD TO?



WITH DICK IN THE LEAD, THEY MOVED ON INTO THE CLAMMY, SINISTER DARKNESS...

PUT THAT LIGHT OUT, MAN!



HEAVEN KNOWS WHERE THIS PASSAGE LEADS, OR WHAT UNKNOWN DANGER AWAITS US! BUT AT LEAST PEGGY IS SAFE! NO HARM CAN COME TO HER IN GLEN ARRAC CASTLE!



BUT DICK WAS WRONG! EVEN AT THAT MOMENT...

THAT NOISE! THE WHOLE ROOM IS SHAKING! WHAT ON EARTH CAN IT BE?

PEGGY FENFOLD PACED THE ROOM FEARFULLY...



IT--IT'S GOING AWAY NOW! BUT IT SEEMS TO BE COMING FROM BEHIND THIS WALL!



THEN ANOTHER VIOLENT EARTH-SHUDDER THREW THE STARTLED GIRL AGAINST THE OAK-PANELLED WALL, AND...

GOOD HEAVENS! I MUST HAVE ACCIDENTALLY PRESSED THE SWITCH OF A SECRET PASSAGE!

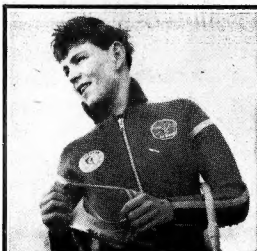


STEELING HER FLUTTERING NERVES, SHE ENTERED THE NARROW OPENING...

I--I MUST INVESTIGATE AND DISCOVER THE CAUSE OF THAT NOISE! IT MAY BE CONNECTED WITH THE MONSTERS!



IS PEGGY DOOMED? SEE THE NEXT NERVE-TINGLING EPISODE! ORDER YOUR COPY TODAY!



Paul Swales (16) is training as an electronics technician.

He's an Apprentice. He's at College. He gets paid.

Paul's an apprentice at an Army College. He's being taught by superb military and civilian instructors, and when he qualifies in two years time he'll know electronics inside out.

There's masses of free sport in the Army. Free hobbies too; ten weeks paid holiday a year (with plenty of money to take home!) and good times with good friends.

Only the Army will send you to college at 15—and pay you while you're there! If you're interested, and you're between 15 and 17, send off this coupon now.

It'll bring full information and details of over 50 trades you can choose from.

It'll bring you details of

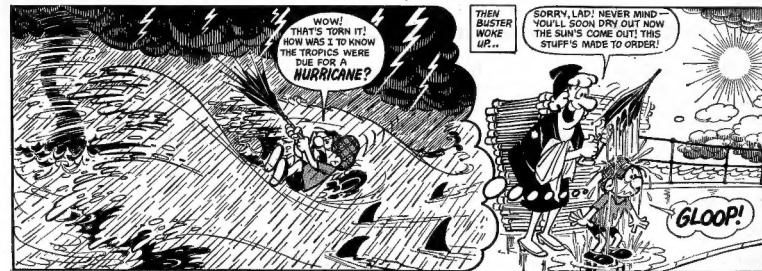
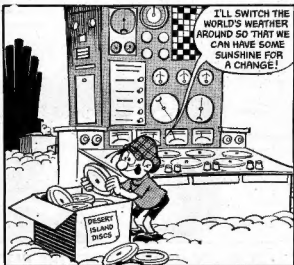
Army Junior Leaders' Units too, in which active, outdoor boys learn all the skills of leadership and soldiering.

To: Army Careers, MP6(A),
Lansdowne House, Berkeley Square, London W.1.
Please send me full details of Army College
Apprenticeships and Junior Leaders' Units

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
TOWN.....
COUNTY.....
DATE OF BIRTH.....

(You must be resident in the U.K.)

761451002



BUSTER'S FAIR BOWLED OVER IN THE NEXT ISSUE WHEN HE PLAYS IN A CRICKET MATCH!